



THE CLOUDS
THAT DANCED
LIKE WALKING
OWLS

The clouds that danced like walking owls



8 0 2

Chapter 1 by Abbey Bee

Heather Raymond had always loved creepy San Diego with its abundant, annoyed arches. It was a place where she felt afraid.

She was a delightful, remarkable, tea drinker with charming eyelashes and skinny hands. Her friends saw her as a weak, gloopy gumbler. Once, she had even helped a miniature kitten cross the road. That's the sort of woman he was.

Heather walked over to the window and reflected on her dirty surroundings. The clouds danced like walking owls.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Rick Chen. Rick was a noble author with firm body and mysterious look

Heather gulped. She was not prepared for Rick.

As Heather stepped outside and Rick came closer, she could see the warm smile on his face.

"Look Heather" growled Rick with a peculiar glare that reminded Heather of noble phoenixes

"It's not that I don't love you, but I want justice. You owe me money... lots of it."

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Heather looked back, even though she knew Rick was right. "Rick, I don't have the money," she replied.

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They looked at each other with sad feelings, like two mammoth, melted mice sitting at a very spiteful funeral, which had piano music playing in the background and two daring uncles drinking to the beat.

Heather studied Rick's red eyes and cold look. Eventually, she took a deep breath. "I'm afraid I declared myself bankrupt," explained Heather. "You will never get your money."

"No!" objected Rick. "You lie!"

"I do not!" retorted Heather. "Now get your sorry ass out of here before I shoot you with this gun."

Rick looked stressed, his wallet raw like a nasty, noisy newspaper.

Heather could actually hear Rick's wallet shatter into 456 pieces. Then the noble author hurried away into the distance.

Not even a cup of tea would calm Heather's nerves tonight.

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